

ON *Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite*
PAPER by FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

A CASTLE in Spain, today, is not worth a bungalow in Carmel.

§ §

EDWARD WESTON photographed a garden of mine a dozen years ago. I have the beautiful picture yet. He was, then, utterly independent, sensitive and simple, as now, but he has gone far in art and philosophy, since.

§ §

THE pen (penitentiary) is mightier than the sword, has a new meaning under prohibition. The federal prisons, state jails, are jammed with probishn convicts, who, under old time justice, would have been executed. Al Capone will be out in one year, for a hundred murders, for stealing millions, while Mooney, innocent, the victim of corporation villainy, has languished fourteen years. Better had Mooney been sworded, *lang syne*.

§ §

WORD is out that dry prosecutions will lighten to aid Herbie. Al Capone is brushed tenderly by law, and will, still, be the big shot of booze in prison. He is, openly for Hoover and prohibition.

§ §

NEWS ITEM, 1944: Twelve hundred and sixty-one airplanes checked into European airports today from America. The average crossing took six hours.

§ §

AN old actor, long in the moom pitchers, says that the squawkies languish because of poor stories, poor management, poor acting. Anyhow, Hollywood wasn't made, merely, for celluloid. It is the home of passion, where male and female meet in the raw—on an equality of morals and money.

§ §

AGED, former Senator Fall is in jail. He is broke. Why, of course. You can't jail a real million dollars; for long. Sinclair is out and a way up. Doheny is out, and building a magnificent church.

§ §

DON'T sell America short! That was Brisbane's exhortation every day, until we had to sell America's shirt.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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A DREAM AWAKENS THE FOREST

by PAULINE G. SCHINDLER

After long absence from Carmel I found myself on a summer evening walking up the soft pine pathway toward the Forest Theater. Because I had been long in cities, I came a little partonizingly, as one who knows that there are many forests and many moons, but that all forests are made of calcimine and beaver board and all moons produced by a stage electrician.

And how badly they would of course do this play "Midsummer Night's Dream." The best hope one could summon was that it would not be too awful.

Yet it was a pleasant thing to walk up this quiet pathway of pine needles, into this hollow in the forest which they called a theater. It was a tradition now. Like a folk festival. From year to year this little theater under pine trees was building itself a history.

The old-timers among the audience came well prepared. Blankets snugly wrapped about the knees. There was a light mist falling. In the beams of light which lit up a tall pine to its summit, you could see it like a fine snow falling. Above the pine the light met a cloud. Puffs from a cigarette or two in the audience moved slowly upward.

We sat in contentment and anticipation.

You scarcely knew where the forest ended and the stage began. If that high hedge was the "curtain," I didn't want to know how it "worked," or what the devices were. There was a delightful sense of its all being real, actual; not staged not planned for effect. Just there. The lights went down. Silence in the pine forest; the trees standing tall and we sitting small beneath. Music—not a mere well-meant embarrassed scraping.

The high green hedge becomes an open

place in the forest. No calcimine. No beaver board.

Suddenly one felt an exceeding delight. Just as it was difficult to tell where the forest ended and the stage began, it was impossible to draw a line between the actual midsummer night of 1931, and the Midsummer Night of the Dream. We were a part of the play and within the dream; or play and dream were woven about us. Yes, it was sheer delight. The fantasy included us. We joined the players. When something happened (or didn't happen) behind scenes, and Bottom failed to appear when he was much looked for, neither they nor we were at all embarrassed. We were all rather comfortable and jolly about it; it was simply a part of the delicious absurdity of the communal fantasy.

A light enchantment lay upon us, an inner gayety in us reflected the light, the color, the small sparkle, the whimsicality, the often excellently spoken lines of the play. To me the depraved urban visitor, this rare and utterly priceless quality it had, was that of being motivated, play, theatre, and all the elements of production—simply by the desire to do a delightful thing. So water-clear and childlike a motivation cannot happen in cities; no such clear delight can result.

Seeing "Midsummer Night's Dream" played in the Forest Theater has this year the loveliness of trailing one's fingers in a brook bright with water cresses. It is fresh, limpid, sparkling, spontaneous, and real.

"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

Tickets will be available Monday at the booth opposite the post office for the four performances of "Beggars on Horseback" to be given at the Studio Theatre beginning next Thursday.

Tonight & Tomorrow Night, Forest Theater: "Midsummer Night's Dream"

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Personalialia

A cablegram from Peking announces the birth of a son to Mrs. Joseph Wheelwright in the hospital of Peking Union Medical College. Mrs. Wheelwright is a niece of Lincoln Steffens, and has occasionally visited Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have been house guests of Mrs. Tobin Clark at her Bebble Beach home. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin left yesterday for Santa Barbara to attend the yacht races.

Mabel Latham Gump, just returned from a four-year sojourn in Europe, is visiting her brother, Milton Latham. Eunice Burnham, long associated in the theatre with Charlotte Greenwood, is also staying with Mr. and Mrs. Latham at their home in Carmel Woods.

Miss Ivallo Eddy, of the Eddy School of Dramatic Art, and connected with the Little Theatre group in Spokane is spending the summer in Carmel with Mrs. H. C. Darling at the Norton cottage on Casanova. She is a very interested spectator at the rehearsals of "Beggar on Horseback."

Mrs. George C. Smith, on the board of directors in the Little Theatre of St. Louis is spending a part of the summer in a cottage on Seventh and Casanova. Ms. Smith was one of the leading spirits in the Little Theatre movement at Baltimore, Maryland, several years ago.

Robinson Jeffers, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Sara Bard Field, Susan Myra Gregory, and Jo Hartman, among others, will be represented in a "California Anthology" to be brought out by Henry Harrison, New York publisher, in October. Helen Hoyt, Carmelite contributor, is writing the foreword.

Hugh Huddert Kennedy, of the Faralone Press, San Francisco, was a recent visitor in Carmel.

G. St. Clair Gooden well known bridge player and teacher will lecture on the Culbertson system of contract bridge at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Monday and Tuesday evenings. Mr. Gooden and his associate were winners of the San Francisco duplicate tournament last year.

Mr. Jock Stevens, of Los Angeles, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Newell this week-end.

CATHERINE SEIDENECK'S CURRENT EXHIBIT

Catherine Seideneck's exhibit of paintings at Ruth Waring's studio is a delightful adventure in color. Here is no experimentation, but a true mastery of tone understood and felt. Work in color may be imitative or academic or merely spectacular, but the beauty of this painting lies in a subtle appreciation of the relativity of tone. Such color has life, not in itself alone but in relationship to every mood of the picture.

The earlier work, painted mostly abroad, is more perfect in technique, but less interesting than the later pictures. "Haystack Hill" the largest canvas in the exhibit, is a turning point, one feels, in the path of the artist from a consciousness of detail to a perception of mass—a sense of solidity more firmly founded. The earlier work makes a statement—closes itself within a certain conscious finality, but "Haystack Hill" leads further. It is not so sure, but it is bigger in conception. It leaves more for the observer to do. The artist has not put it all down. It demands a further creativeness.

The decorative quality of these paintings is evident in the surroundings of Ruth Waring's studio. One sees them in the kind of setting for which they are intended; among tapestries, copper, brass, old wood and iron. In a beautiful room these zinnia-like colors—these warm earth-tones will create that synthesis so carefully sought by the home-maker.

It is a rare privilege to find an artist patient enough to work sympathetically with the architect and the decorator toward the establishment of a harmony completely at one with the personality of the owner. Catherine Seideneck is unusually fitted for this work by reason of her sensitive understanding and her unfailing good taste.

There was a time when pictures were bought regardless of the surroundings in which they were to be placed. People took pride in collections. But the home has become something more than an art gallery. We find ourselves moving into a new era. We come to realize that the merely pictorial becomes tiresome after a while. Instead of a room containing pictures, we try to create the room which is a picture. For this reason the picture ideally suited to the home is a section of extending infinitely in direction. It is not so much a thing in itself as a contribution to a conception larger than itself.

D. C.

***The reception to have been given for Mrs. Seideneck today has been postponed until next Saturday.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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Carmel Day by Day

by THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while mean-
dering. It's mid-summer and the dream
is on. Ghost of the Bard of Avon
spectred about the old hoary pines and
oaks of the Silvan Proscenium to spie
upon one of his trillions of impresarios
putting some histrionic tyros through
the Titania-divertissement. "The play is
the thing" by which we will hear the
mazuma ring. I do so fervently hope so,
These *entrepreneurs* must carry on and
the old Arboraceous Op'ry House must
linger a little longer. Tenacity is a noble
prop provided you are gripping the
right thing. And besides, notwithstand-
ing and however and nevertheless, the
Dollar is still the American God. It is
the *Alpha*, *Omega* and the *Ultima
Thule* and the quintessence of our so-
called civilization. Tut, tut, Gaddy, you
am moralizing a twinkle; you've been
steeping your proboscis in San Fran-
cisco's juridical center. Decrepit wheel-
chaired senile dementia prostituting her
twilight hour for filthy lucre. And
those gents of the legal inquistorials re-
sponsible for this flagrant incongruity.
O. Tempora, O. Mores.

Two loidies doing a conversational mara-
thon near dispensary of abbatoir goods.
Just idly gazed at some *rognons*, *coteuet-
tes au naturel* and other viscera on dis-
play while I got a concha-full of gossip
tit-bits. Main under-current was on that
much publicized Ma of the L. A.
Chamber of Commerce bruited section.
One dame chalked up for that female
sheik while the other scored, ripped and
snorted at the amorous antiquarian.
I'm not saying anything BUT says me—
someone should nozzle, gag, and hogtie
that purveyor of religious botleg and
corral the moronic followers and then
herd them somewhere West of a Texan
Water-Tower. I should disturb the
granules of my endocrines on that
temple rot; I'll chase Gandhi first.

Restaurateur roaring about his garbage
conundrum. Has nothing on us bour-
geois. We don't seem to be able to entice
or cajole that Autocrat of the Breakfast
Refuse to render civil services. Must
you'uns what vote be forced to place
that Non-Chalant Gent under Civil
Service? Sol still declaring a moratorium
on the old pine ridge. See you anon.

FAMED CARMELITE

Lincoln Stetffens has been nominated
for the Hall of Fame in the current is-
sue of "Vanity Fair." In explaining
their choice, the editors say: "... be-
cause he is the veteran reporter of his
age; because, as a journalist and foreign
correspondent, he has in fine, ringing
prose and with sly humor, reported
every aspect of the American and Euro-
pean scenes, because his 'Autobiography'
is a volume which in vitality and signi-
ficance compares with 'The Education
of Henry Adams'; and finally because,
although he has intimately known the
high and the low, the rich and the poor,

he is still a gentle, optimistic and Socratic
seeker after truth and wisdom."

The portrait of Mr. Steffens accom-
panying the citation is by Edward Wes-
ton.

The London publishing firm of Harrop,
Limited, has just purchased the English
rights to Mr. Steffens' 'Autobiography.'

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**SOME MARGINAL NOTES ON "A
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"**

by Susan Porter

Those who watch a rehearsal in its early stages and go home waggling sagacious heads and making facile criticisms are never used to the surprise that comes when they see what two weeks of steady work can do. The opening night of "Midsummers Night's Dream" at the Forest Theater Thursday set an audience rocking on the benches with laughter in the burlesque scenes and touched them with tender silence as they watched the really exquisite troupe of fairies. The clowns' comedy is delicious, and the sight of Carleton Lehman as Thisbe and Vallejo Gantner as Pyramus whispering soft love-words through the widespread fingers of Ted Cator as the wall will be memorable. Eugene Watson in the clowns' dance, solemnly flinging his legs to right and to left gave the audience a shock of delighted surprise, and Cedric Rowntree's fuzzy dog, wagging a friendly tail while his master, as Starveling, the tailor, states, "I am the man in the moon, this lanthorn is my lanthorn and this dog my dog" deserves to have his name on the program.

One of the prettiest scenes in the entire play gives us a small and dainty Titania (Mildred Pearson) gazing up at tall young Gantner as Nick Bottom, made still taller by the ass' head that Puck has clapped upon his shoulders, while her four tiny green clad elves leap about the bewildered clown and toss flower pollen into his blinking eyes.

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